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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Patriotism First

The interest of President Harding in the international problems, and especially in the problem of peace maintenance, is shown by his constant return to its discussion. In practically every speech, as in the one at Annapolis, the main burden of his discourse relates to it.

During the campaign it suited partisan purposes to present Mr. Harding as indifferent to the country's world responsibilities. The slander may now be regarded as dead. In the grave with it is a sinister companion—the insinuated charge that Mr. Harding would not have the country do again what it did in 1917 and 1918.

Mr. Harding, of course, is not able to express his thought in any exact words. Who can that is honest with himself and the public? He is not able to map out a detailed program, and, to his credit, he will not say he has no doubt as to things necessarily doubtful. This unescapable vagueness opens the door to misconstruction, but risk of it must be taken. He is not cocksure and has no intellectual pride about acknowledging he isn't. He does not share the confidence of his predecessor that one man can take the world under his individual control.

But what President Harding would do should a crisis occur is amply indicated by the orientation of his spirit. Its needle points to peace maintenance and participation in world affairs. But he is a working idealist rather than an advertiser of his ideals. This attitude may not be pleasing to dogmatists or to those more interested in seeming to do than in doing, but there is plentiful evidence that his fellow countrymen generally understand and respect it.

At the Naval Academy the President naturally and properly emphasized patriotism and the claims of nationalism. But this implies no disregard of internationalism. Our forefathers toasted an indivisible union of indestructible states. In a somewhat similar manner Mr. Harding's toast is to form a federation of perpetual nations. And with things as they now are and are likely to continue, the independence of nations, it seems to him, is more essential and more ideal than a world federation.

Industrial Waste

The management of American industries is conceded to be the most efficient in the world. To this and the use of mechanical power the country owes, even more than to its natural resources, a wage scale and a general living standard far above that of any other.

But how far short we still are of the attainable is strikingly shown by the report of a committee of engineers appointed by Secretary Hoover to make a survey. This committee, as a result of exhaustive investigation, soberly finds that with the facilities now in existence no less than 50 per cent could at once be added to American production.

Wastes are of many kinds. Machinery is idle. Effort is duplicated. Industries are carried on in places not suited to them. Industrial disputes bring stoppages of regular work. Even when strikes do not occur the labor turn-over is excessive, leading to the need of constantly training green workers who at first create a small product. Only a few plants are operated at anything like full capacity. The output of industry can be increased without any resort to the "speeding up" which organized labor objects to. Labor regulations, born of ignorance and the false assumption that the manufacture of jobs is a good thing for the wage-worker, keep wages unnecessarily down.

The development of mechanical power during the nineteenth century more than quadrupled the per capita industrial product. It is possible for the application of intelligence to management to give even a greater increase during the remaining years of the twentieth. The field is ready; the opportunities spread out are practically limitless.

The nineteenth century was the age of the inventor. The twentieth is to be that of the engineer. One harnessed nature. The other is to harness the coöperative instincts, with equally great gains in the production which is the mother of plenty. Socialism has confused recent thought by undue emphasis on inequities of distribution and its hate dogmas, but signs multiply, of which this report is one, that once more the human family is getting back to the main road of progress.

On the Wrong Shoulders

The World reprints, with its approval, an editorial from The Herald, charging Congress with practising sham economy. The argument made is that the cuts in the estimates are only paper cuts and that because actual expenditure still outruns appropriations made many months ago Congress must accept sole responsibility for continued squandering "in the face of the imperative need to save."

The editorial in question says:

"For the present fiscal year (ending with this month) the Democratic heads of departments asked for $5,064,350,793, and this was hailed as wild extravagance. The Republican Congress cut those estimates and appropriated to meet the revised items $3,717,441,484, and this was acclaimed by the legislative body as heroic economizing. But Secretary Mellon of the Treasury figures that when the year closes four weeks from now the actual spending will have been $5,602,024,861, not counting Postoffice outlay, which was included in the original estimates and the appropriations."

This indictment is based on erroneous figures. If The World and The Herald would take the trouble to consult the statement of appropriations for the fiscal year 1920-'21, contained in the Congressional Record of June 14, 1920, they would find that the estimates submitted totaled $6,334,000,000, not $5,064,000,000, and that the appropriations totaled $4,859,000,000, not $3,717,000,000.

Congress cut down the Wilson Administration estimates $1,474,000,000. It was working under a crushing handicap. The 1920-'21 appropriation bills carried $486,000,000 to meet deficits for the fiscal year 1920 and prior years, and $725,000,000 to meet in part the debt created by Federal mismanagement of the railroads.

For the fiscal year 1921-'22 the Wilson Administration's estimates were $5,259,000,000. Congress appropriated $3,806,000,000, figuring the naval bill total at $396,000,000, the amount it carried when it passed the House of Representatives. Here was a reduction of $1,453,000,000. Of this $273,000,000 was produced by slashing the figures of a Secretary of the Navy who has just been writing a series of articles for The World telling how perfect his administration was.

How can the figures contained in the appropriation statements be tortured into an indictment of Congressional extravagance? Up to March 4 last the Wilson régime continued to run up deficits. The appalling railroad bill it left behind hasn't yet been paid. The Shipping Board's debts are another annoying legacy. If because of hang-over obligations the Treasury has to pay out more money this year and next year than Congress provided, that isn't Congress's fault. It has worked wonders in the way of retrenchment. It can't, of course, repudiate the far-flung Wilson I O U's. But since March 4, 1919, it has done what it could to save the taxpayers $4,600,000,000 which the Wilson wasters wanted added to our post-war expenditure.

Drying Up Loans

The testimony before the Lockwood committee reëstablishes a long-established truth. This is that statutes against usury are futile. So they ever have been. So, probably, they ever will be.

To have an effective anti-usury statute would doubtless be desirable; but the wit of man has never devised one. Practically everything has been tried—from confiscation of the loan to trimming the ears and pulling the teeth of the usurer, and all to no avail. The possessor of liquid capital, when attacked, either retired his funds from the market or in some way got his money's current worth.

In other lines of business there is conspiracy among sellers when they are not satisfied with the market price of their article. But usurers seldom conspire. They don't need to. They don't fix the money rate. They merely recognize one that exists openly and notoriously. Thus the usurer's case differs from that of conspiring commodity dealers whose first step is to name a price. The Lockwood committee apparently overlooked a vital distinction.

The testimony shows that insurance companies and savings banks, coöperative institutions, have conspicuously ignored the anti-usury laws. This conduct raises an interesting moral question. Is it right, when money is worth 8 per cent and this is received by the great majority of lenders, to coerce the owners of small amounts of capital to lend for 6 per cent? The question is respectfully referred to those esteeming themselves special champions of little fellows. Placed where duty to depositors required one thing and the law another, trustees seem generally to have decided that the first obligation is the greater. Depositors and insurance policy holders naturally view the offense charitably.

It is not worth while to jolly ourselves by attributing the stoppage of building to extortion by lenders. To forbid lending concerns to earn as much on money advanced to builders as on money advanced to other borrowers will not help lift the building embargo. Not the violation of the usury law but the law's existence has contributed the more to the housing shortage.

The members of the Lockwood committee are not so illiterate as not to understand this, but seemingly they have a poor opinion of popular intelligence and regard it as politically unsafe to challenge nonsense.

An Apostle of Cleanliness

Dr. Simon Baruch during his long and industrious career won many titles to grateful remembrance, both public and private. None of them is more impregnable than that for which he himself probably preferred to be most remembered, and which is set forth in enduring bronze on the wall of the public bath in Rivington Street.

It seems almost incredible to us now that his proposal to establish a system of public baths, "as free as the parks," should for years have met with little encouragement and much opposition, and that three Mayors of this city should have been indifferent to it. It was a noble thing for Dr. Baruch to persevere in his efforts until they were crowned with success, not alone in New York but in other cities throughout the land.

It is altogether appropriate that one of the great public baths in this city and another in Chicago should bear his name, to be a perennial reminder to the multitude who enjoy their use of his services in securing their foundation and the foundation of innumerable other such establishments. Millions of Americans enjoy cleanliness of person, and with it health and comfort, in a way which would have been impossible to them but for the patient and resolute labors of Dr. Simon Baruch.

Federal Treaty Enforcement

Senator Kellogg has introduced a bill, drawn by the American Bar Association, which aims at bridging over an awkward gap in Federal jurisdiction. At present the national government makes treaties with foreign countries, guaranteeing reciprocity of rights and privileges. But it is incompetent to enforce those guaranties when a state happens to violate or annul them.

The inconvenience of this lack of authority has gravely embarrassed the national Administration many times. When a New Orleans mob lynched some Italian subjects, charged with being an organized branch of the Mafia, the Italian government demanded the trial and punishment of the lynchers, as well as a money reparation. Secretary Blaine offered pecuniary indemnification, but admitted that the Federal government couldn't promise legal prosecution. The Italian Ambassador, Baron Fava, thereupon left Washington for a time as a protest against what he considered inadequate amends. Mr. Blaine was glad to settle the case by paying an indemnity out of contingent funds of the State Department.

Washington has often had to urge state governors to take legal action against citizens or others who have committed acts of violence against aliens. The Kellogg bill would permit the Attorney General, when instructed by the President, to intervene in state courts to defend or prosecute cases in which aliens are involved, or to have the cases removed to the Federal courts. Armed with this power the Federal government could fulfill treaty obligations. Its sovereignty would be co-extensive with the sovereignty of the other treaty signatory. It is highly desirable that such an equality of status should be established. The dignity of the United States is lowered and its relations with foreign nations are made more difficult every time it has to beg off from a direct fulfillment of a duty which should be inherent in its exercise of the treaty-making power.

Relief for Veterans

Although proper care of the war veterans is the declared purpose of the bill now before Congress, an amendment effectively nullifies one of its most valuable sections. The bill originally divided the country into twelve regions, each of which was to be a complete administrative unit, able to investigate and act on cases within its territory. Under the amendment this power is restricted by denying to the regional offices the right "to make compensation and insurance awards and grant vocational training."

In other words, the amendment undoes much of the good of the original bill.

The main purpose in providing regional treatment of cases is to eliminate the waste of time caused by men throughout the whole country dealing directly with Washington. Under the regional office system it is possible for a man to apply to a center near his home and have his claim personally investigated. More important still, each regional office has the power to act and to give prompt relief.

The amendment, however, removes from the regional offices most of their executive powers and makes their work merely advisory. Why thus deprive a good bill of one of its most important features? As originally drawn the bill promised quick relief for intolerable conditions. As amended it opens the way again to endless delay and red tape.

Sinful Difference

Greenwich Village, that Arcadian neighborhood whose bucolic bliss proved that rural simplicity was possible in the shadows of sky-scrapers, pays the price of too much publicity. Less celebrated vicinages are envious. Those who like any color provided it is blue are wagging the tongue of slander.

It is, of course, useless for the Village to give facts and statistics—to mention its low death rate or that its policemen have nothing to do, that its pleasures are innocent and pastoral. A hue and cry is on. The baying of the killjoys, who have an unconquerable aversion to singularity or the repute of it, will doubtless continue until a district redeemed from squalor and shabbiness is subdued to the tenement type. It is impudent for artists and students who like flowers in window boxes to flock together. It is vicious for them to bob their hair when they are too busy to comb it.

Farewell to Bruno's garret—a most comfortable one, with pillows! Farewell to the Pink Coal Scuttle, to Three Steps Sidewise, to the Dust-pan, to the Peagreen Moon and other delectable places. Visitor to New York, get thee to a regular lobster palace! Don't sit on a hard bench; loll in a plush chair and grin at yourself in a mirror! The Village had a fancy for eccentric names and aroused suspicion. Space writers wanted themes for copy and editors would accept stories about a Latin Quarter if sufficiently exaggerated. And, finally, up rose another group of real estate operators who had studios elsewhere that they would rent to artists and to those who like to hang about them. It's a sad tale, and, horrible thought, if the Village is abolished whither will the Carol Kennicotts flee when they can't stand Gopher Prairie longer?

Recognition of Mexico

Obstacle Lies in Confiscatory Provision of Mexican Constitution

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your publication this morning of a statement by President Alvaro Obregon of Mexico provokes consideration of the facts of the case.

General Obregon states to your correspondent, in effect, that recognition of a nation carries with it the obligation to comply with its international duties, therefore no promises made in advance of such recognition binding Mexico to the performance of obligations would have any more force than recognition itself.

Up to the time when the United States was confronted with the question of recognition of Mexico this statement would have been correct in principle and in truth; but something happened prior to the application of Mexico for recognition which makes this case exceptional.

That something was the adoption by Mexico of a constitution which has been interpreted by the governments of Mexico, including that of Obregon, as sanctioning confiscation of properties of foreigners in Mexico without compensation. The existence of this constitution, against which France, England and the United States have solemnly protested, is notice to the world that Mexico is distinctly not inclined to comply with the obligations which recognition as a member of the family of nations would create. Britain never did recognize any Mexican government sanctioned by this charter. President Wilson recognized Carranza only after receiving his solemn promise that it would not be applied in a confiscatory manner.

It has been a principle and tenet of all American governments that a condition precedent to the recognition of any foreign government is that that government must show a positive inclination and an unquestioned ability to comply with its international obligations. The existence of the new constitution of Mexico absolutely negatives the existence of such inclination.

Hence, from the special circumstance of the unprecedented Mexican constitution arises the necessity of a definite promise, in advance of or concurrent with recognition, that the precepts of that constitution which are antagonistic to international law will not be applied against foreigners, certainly not against American citizens.

Any other course would operate as an acceptance by the American government of the validity and sanctity of the confiscatory provisions of the Mexican constitution and would estop the American government from protesting or taking action against enforcement of its terms, to the ruin of American citizens. H. A. ADAMS.

Washington, D. C., June 1, 1921.

Fifth Avenue Signal Towers

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: May I, as a citizen, respectfully enter my protest against the project to erect five permanent signal towers in the center of Fifth Avenue? I am duly conscious of the great service rendered to this city in the regulation of its traffic by Dr. John A. Harriss and have no objection whatever to his fine citizenship being recognized in some substantial manner. But Fifth Avenue is to-day one of the city's greatest problems, and to honor Dr. Harriss by further clogging its traffic seems to me folly.

The signal towers have been a great success. The public has responded creditably to their messages. But they can be placed at the curb and do just as effective work as if they were in the center of the highway.

JAMES A. DOUGLAS.

New York, June 1, 1921.

The Conning Tower

A VILLAGE IDYL

When Greenwich Village gathers nightly
In Pirate's Den and Devil's Cavern,
In Selma's Cave and Toscha's Tavern,
The poets twinkle, O so brightly!

The minstrels of the motley vesture
In lisping accents drool their verses;
Their rimes, as empty as their purses,
They stutter, with a regal gesture.

The bobbed-hair ladies rush to hand them
Applause and more substantial treasures;
They lisp their praise of limping measures,
Though none there are that understand them.

There came one night to Daphne's Hang-out
Clarissa, Viscount Gottem's daughter,
An heiress who had crossed the water
To dwell awhile where genius sang out.

And as she came Sylvester Sopus,
A soul unshackled and romantic,
(Convention drove him simply *frantic!*)
Was chanting this, his latest opus:

My Love

My love is a lavender star,
sweeping, pulsing, throbbing,
across a heliotrope sky;
my life is a beige cloud—
so beige, so beige, o, so beige—
yet when you appear, coruscating you,
a rose-tinted wind
drives away the cloud
and the star shines forth,
forth . . . forth . . . forth.

Clarissa listened, temples throbbing,
Her heart ablaze, her pulses humming,
Her ev'ry complex wildly strumming
And then embraced Sylvester, sobbing;

"Your song invades my inmost niches,
It fills me with a fierce elation;
Let's wed and live in sweet vibration
On poetry—and father's riches!"

Sylvester sailed and Gottem gave him
The cash to purchase boundless pleasure,
A life of undiluted leisure,
With valets to attend and shave him.

A year he lived in ducal fashion,
But ev'ry day his bride recited
A bit of verse that she'd indited,
A piece like this, declaimed with passion:

My Love

My love is a scarlet harp,
strung with purple passions
and poppy-hued desires;
there are dreary days
when it is mute . . .
mute . . . mute . . . mute . . .
there are other days when you are with me,
tender days full of music,
then it sings madly . . .
madly . . . madly . . .

A year Sylvester listened, daily,
His brain was sore; his ears were aching,
And then he gave it up, forsaking
Clarissa and her wealth quite gayly.

And now whene'er the Muse starts strumming
The lyre on which the sonnets glisten,
Sylvester will not even listen—
He makes an honest living, plumbing.

LESTER MARKEL.

How niggardly—or it may be how thoughtless or how indifferent—are the newspapers in giving credit! All of yesterday's papers spoke, and most of them in praise, of the travesty of "Clair de Lune" incorporated in "Snapshots of 1921." And they all credited Mr. H. I. Phillips with the authorship of it, but only The Globe identified Mr. Phillips as being The Globe's columnist.

"Only two plays," says Mr. Kenneth Macgowan in The Globe, "came in for direct burlesque—'Deburau' and 'Clair de Lune,' the latter by H. I. Phillips, the Globe Trotter." Why not say who wrote the "Deburau" burlesque, too?

One of the travesties was written by John Hastings Turner. If this is the same gentleman who wrote Simple Souls, as packed with innocent merriment as any novel ever written, somebody should say so, if only to revive interest in that glorious novel.

"And Good in Everything"—in Calif.

Sir: They've proved that the Coachella Valley, in Southern California, is an ideal place for growing dates, and although the Arabs say truly that a date tree in order to flourish "must have its head in Hell and its feet in water," do you imagine this checks the southern Californian's claims for his climate? Not at all! On the contrary, he now proudly boasts said climate is not only Heaven for human beings,—as all admit,—but it's Hell for dates!

HOWARD D. HADLEY.

Los Angeles.

Statesmen are like ball players and third rate actors; as a rule they consider it ridiculous to know or to remember the names of newspaper men or authors. Here is the senior Senator from Idaho reviewing, for two columns in last night's Evening Post, Will Irwin's The Next War; and not once does he mention Old Bill's name.

The First Claimant

That prize of Edward Bok's is mine,
If judges be but fair;
To serve old Philadelphia
I
moved
away
from
there.

A. M. ADAMS.

If somebody'd only raise our blood pressure about 20 points, we'd call.

It will not down, this theory of the universe's infinity.

Well, it's a large world, after all.

F. P. A.

THAT AMBULANCE WILL HAVE TO MAKE A RETURN TRIP IF IT DOESN'T SLOW DOWN ON THE COUNTRY ROADS

Books

By Heywood Broun

Bernard Shaw's new play and preface "Back to Methuselah" (Brentano) is an earnest confession of religious faith. Mr. Shaw has come down the sawdust trail to kneel beside H. G. Wells in worshipping a great dim God who exists somehow, somewhere. To be sure, the smell of sawdust has an effect upon Shaw which makes his progress to the mourners' bench somewhat different from that of the ordinary convert. Even under the impulse of deep and abiding faith he cannot refrain from stopping now and then to do a few handsprings. One of the most amusing pauses in his journey is devoted to telling the story of the manner in which he scored against the deity of Moody and Sankey.

"One evening in 1878 or thereabouts," writes Shaw, "I, being then in my earliest twenties, was at a bachelor party of young men of the professional class in the house of a doctor in the Kensingtonian quarter of London. They fell to talking about religious revivals; and an anecdote was related of a man who, having incautiously scoffed at the mission of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, a then famous firm of American evangelists, was subsequently carried home on a shutter, slain by divine vengeance as a blasphemer. A timid minority, without quite venturing to question the truth of the incident—for they naturally did not care to run the risk of going home on shutters themselves—nevertheless showed a certain disposition to cavil at those who exulted in it, and something approaching to an argument began. At last it was alleged by the most evangelical of the disputants that Charles Bradlaugh, the most formidable atheist on the Secularist platform, had taken out his watch publicly and challenged the Almighty to strike him dead in five minutes if He really existed and disapproved of atheism. The leader of the cavilers, with great heat, repudiated this as a gross calumny, declaring that Bradlaugh had repeatedly and indignantly contradicted it and implying that the atheist champion was far too pious a man to commit such a blasphemy. This exquisite confusion of ideas roused my sense of comedy. It was clear to me that the challenge attributed to Charles Bradlaugh was a scientific experiment of a quite simple, straightforward and proper kind to ascertain whether the expression of atheistic opinions really did involve any personal risk. It was certainly the method taught in the Bible, Elijah having confuted the prophets of Baal in precisely that way, with every circumstance of bitter mockery of their god when he failed to send down fire from heaven. Accordingly I said that if the question at issue were whether the penalty of questioning the theology of Messrs. Moody and Sankey was to be struck dead on the spot by an incensed deity nothing could effect a more convincing settlement of it than the very obvious experiment attributed to Mr. Bradlaugh, and that consequently if he had not tried it he ought to have tried it. The omission, I added, was one which could easily be remedied there and then, as I happened to share Mr. Bradlaugh's views as the absurdity of the belief in these violent interferences with the order of nature by a short-tempered and thin-skinned supernatural deity. Therefore—and at that point I took out my watch.

"The effect was electrical. Neither skeptics nor devotees were prepared to abide the result of the experiment. In vain did I urge the pious to trust in the accuracy of their deity's aim with a thunderbolt and the justice of His discrimination between the innocent and the guilty. In vain did I appeal to the skeptics to accept the logical outcome of their skepticism; it soon appeared that when thunderbolts were in question there were no skeptics."

"As your surname begins with a B," writes Aubrey Bowser, "you must have been in Copey's section of English A at Cambridge. As a fellow alumnus of Copeland University I am pained to note your daily departure, in your book column, from his strict precepts. More especially, I fear that some of the Elis or Tigers whom you have been kidding so unanswerably that even your female correspondents have tried to help them out—that some once-in-a-blue-moon Eli may know enough English to observe your pet solecism and give you a raking. And that will be more than a moral victory.

"Two or three times in one paragraph, in matters of simple futurity, you say 'we will' or 'we would.' What has become of 'shall' and 'should?' You employ the solecism so unfailingly that I sometimes think you must be convinced that it is correct. Yet you must know better, for in other respects your English is not half bad, even for a pupil of Copey's. It is a small matter, perhaps, but what a morsel it would be to the Elis who are searching heaven and earth for something to show you up!

"This, of course, is a confidential warning, so I hope you will not print it, unless you wish to kid the Elis for their ineptitude in overlooking an obvious opening. But even then they might not see it."

"When it comes to college heroes in fiction, how about the Boston Tech men?" writes Walter R. Bylund. "Did you forget them? Or are you a little jealous of the Tech boys, as are a lot of Harvard men?"

"I never had the courage to write anything for your intellectual attention before," writes James N. Slee, "because I always thought you were a Harvard graduate. Also my Princeton diploma reads Quasi classis anni 1915 and is dated Nassauciæ 16 Kal. Jul. AF. 1919, and this small discrepancy in dates has always been too much for me, but to-day I read that you were missing from the immortals, so here goes:

"Your implied dig at the social prestige of Yale in to-day's paper is excellent, though I am afraid you were aiming at Princeton. I suppose those rather decent Princeton men who dropped in after dinner could not be asked for the entire function because of a mere victory over Yale.

"En passant—oh, excuse me, I forgot that French 'A.' In passing it seems that implication is a favorite Harvard method; this morning Mr. Arthur Robinson remarks, 'It has been exactly twenty-five years since Princeton beat Harvard at Cambridge.' True, undoubtedly, but shall we say not quite complete? Here it is revised from a Princeton standpoint and equally true: Harvard has beaten Princeton at Cambridge only three times in twenty-five years.

"However, O Arbiter Elegantiarum, we Princeton men realize that socially we are under a heavy cloud and must walk humbly before our lords; still, we are cheered by the thought that our fathers were very prominent socially back in the '80s and early '90s and we have hopes that even so early as next winter we may enter the homes of the elect early and stay late. And, in closing, J. N. S. 4th will be at Princeton about the time of H. 3d's sojourn at Harvard, and I will tell my son always to be very kind to his social inferiors. Ave atque vale."

Residence and the Bonus

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial this morning on "State Bonuses" is admirable, except that it leaves out the fact that there will be a large number of ex-soldiers fully deserving of the bonus who under the present law will be left out entirely—those who were unfortunate enough to move from one state to another between the time of their entering the service and the time when the bonus law was passed.

I entered the service from New York in April, 1917, served twenty months here and in France and, still a resident of New York, was honorably discharged. In May, 1919, I moved from New York to New Jersey, of necessity. New York will not give me a bonus because I was not a resident at the time of the passing of the law. New Jersey will not give me a bonus because I was not a resident when I entered the service. Thus I fall unhappily between the two chairs.

When it is a question of our paying a state income tax New York is not so particular about our being residents of the state, but when it comes to paying us a bonus the question of residence is one of great moment. It appears to me that if I pay a tax on income received within the state I should receive a bonus. A. T.

Hackensack, N. J., June 1, 1921.

A Russian Girl to Adopt

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I believe that among the readers of your paper there must be some who are not blessed with children who would be glad to adopt a charming and beautiful little girl with whom I am acquainted. She is thirteen years old. She is the daughter of aristocratic Russian parents. She speaks English, French and Russian with facility. Her family have always been members of the Greek Church.

Her father was a general in the Imperial Russian Guards, who met his death in battle early in the war. She and her mother, who is a talented musician and linguist, escaped from Russia about three years ago. The substantial property that they owned has been confiscated; they are in America without means or support and it is impossible for the mother to earn a livelihood and maintain a home for her daughter.

I am familiar with all the facts in the case and shall be glad to send the whole story to any one who is interested. It is both pitiful and heroic.

THEODORE H. PRICE.

No. 16 Exchange Place, New York June 2, 1921.

Verrazano's River?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Regarding Henry Hudson and the river named after him, may I say that that intrepid and courageous navigator was not the discoverer of the Hudson River? Giovanni da Verrazano discovered the Hudson River fully eighty-five years before Hudson ever thought of taking the long trip.

Hudson is getting the honors, and, as usual, every one gets in all kinds of controversies about nothing. Honors are always bestowed upon those who have no right to them.

JOSEPH O. LAINO.

New York, June 3, 1921.